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# The Soul Snatcher.



revenge fantasy war

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# Chapter 1 by Skeld

The sky was black. Charcoal black. It was like a shroud laid on top of a dead man's body. Only to be interrupted by the occasional lightning. The scene was perfect for some destruction. It was as if the Fates knew they were coming, but then again, there was little the Fates did not know.

The helm was heavy on top of my head. The armor, heavier. But I had to wear them. For the sake of my sons and my wife, I had to.

The Blargs were coming, and with them their leader, Obgrunt. It is said that when he was born, the Five dragons of Mranga fell from the sky.

He was a legend among the Blargs and a tyrant among men. Now, he was coming to my castle to take my people. So I stood waiting...and watching. My garrison is meager, but they will do. We were ofcourse, outnumbered. But we had the higher ground.

Suddenly, the thunderous sky was pierced by the wailing of a Warhorn.

Then, I saw to my terror that we were doomed. There on the green fields, I saw only about a dozen Blargs, but what really caused me to lose hope was the entity in the sky. It was almost

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He looked down straight at me, his Bison helm shining dimly. Then he blew his horn and the twelve Blargs came charging forth. All that happened next was a dream. A terrible dream, but a dream nonetheless.

The battle was lost but now came the thing I dreaded the most. The execution. My family were being cut down, one by one. Sacrificed for some heathen God. And now, it would be my turn.

Obgrunt came before me, he smelled of soot and lava. He unsheathed his sword and placed them on my neck...But to my one little solace, I saw a raven flying high in the sky. Someone had sent for help. Even if it was too late, somebody would surely come...

The steel was cold against my neck, but my heart was warm...

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